FUN POKED AT MAYOR GAYNOR, WHO WAS THE CHIEF GUEST.

A Few Letters From a Hypothetica Waste Basket—Job Hedges Attends an Umsual Estimate Board Meeting.

ndred-odd who had gathered at it night to break bread and the peace. nt. Hey. Mr. President."

"What is it?" came the inquiry from the neuer sitting handy to the receiver. ers gathered here to-night that can say anything they like without sted the remarkable voice of ne. . "Senator Josiah T. New-

rs of the Amen Corner might en curbed had not this reassuring Senator is a conjecture not dare make. But Newco ing to the roll call of Presi Barold McD. Anderson, Hi Mo

hy was present in the flesh, did he muntenance the reading aloud of a bearing his sign manual and ad-to the Hon. William J. Gaynor

nn kind words I thank you, pothetical screed of the Tam-tain's. "Before I nominated this hypothetical screed of the Tamny chief ain's. "Before I nominated
to Mayor so many of my friends
med me about you that there was a
be when I felt anxious myself. But
I know the truth. Ingratitude is
common in public life to-day that one
of of loyalty makes the whole world
her. After the lesson you have taught
I shall hever again mistrust any

rtless Ameners rose in their seats reading of this delicate epistic and to the rosy face of the Tammany outlined against the spotless white llar. They all united in giving him suitauqua salute derisive.

etter from Thomas F. Grady to Cohalan." amounced the shame-aler of trifes.

chaian," announced the sname-er of trifles.

Dan: Don't write again,"
words of warning purporting from the perpetually retiring
"It isn't safe. There are so
llege men in politics these days
body's mail is safe. Tell the
ioner for me that this is my

The company at Albany is getting a e too mixed for a gentleman of the school. I'd rather be receiver of usted trust company than the leader ither party in the halls of state right. I have been a good many things my day, Dan, but, thank God, never former."

Just at that moment a brother arose in the rear of the banqueting room and auggested that oysters never stayed down without a song on top of 'em. Instantly a song. It was entitled Bill Taft" and a shame 'twas that there were no colored screens and soft music to give it its real high vodeville tone. The mere words do not in any way convey the delicacy of the sentiment, yet they ran like this:

He's running round the country.

Hooray! Hooray!

Defending Payne and Aldrica

neoray! Hooray!
Defending Payne and Aldrich
In a most emphatic way.
He planed a rose on Canaon,
Hooray! Hooray!

It's nearly time that he woke up

And threw his pipe away.

The epoch of the entrée and the claret was ushered in by a meeting of the Board of Estimate. Nothing less in fact than a Board of Estimate of real entities and stern endayor. His Honor the Mayor, a bit rotund as to face and spade shaped as to whiskers, presided over a most unruly President of the Board of Aldermen, a mild mannered Comptroller and a corporate president of all the boroughs. Much business was done that set the tables rocking with the laughter that

realistic slumber.

"What do you mean to do with such a sum?" thundered Mayor Gayngr's double.

"Outrage! Crime!" screamed all of the other members of the board in unison.

"Build more subways—in Brooklyn," was the drowsy response of the head of the Public Service Commission. Whereupon the Mayor smiled broadly and the other members of the board congratulated both the Mayor and his well known neighbors. A policeman had to wake Job up and tell him that the board meeting was over.

was over.

The leading waiter who was heading the string of mouses de ris de veau à la Venitiennes into the dining room nearly dropped his mouses when that telephone gong went off behind his ear just at that

"Helio! Helio! I've been talking with the Board of Aldermen all in a bunch. They've been talking for fully two hours." "Well, well; what have they said?" yelled the president from his windmile

"Why, they haven't said anything yet. Goo' by."

After that the Paladino stunt. Not the real Neapolitan, queevery quavery Paladino, but one p on things political from the tips of her shoes to the top of her false hair basket.

"That you, Mayor McClellan." queried a medium, raking the hair off his forehead and making stabe with his fingers. "Surest thing you know," came a voice from the gallery. "Who calls?"

"A friend of yours, Brother Charles F. Murphy."

"Well, you tell Murphy my hearing hasn't improved since the last time he called." There was an ominous tone in the shade's lower register.

"Well, he wants to know how it feels to be a dead one."

"Tell him to speak for himself. I'm a raging, rantankerous live one compared

"Ontil New York admits I'm the best Mayor it ever had."

"Oh, so long as that? Oh dear, no."

"Tell Murphy not to worry: it won't be quite as long as it will until he lands a Tammany man in a job."

The medium wished Mr. McClellan to state frankly when he expected his political reincarnation.

"When Fingy Conners discovers how many it takes to make a majority of the State committee," was the remark of the shade.

Themistocles or Epictetus. Yet Aris

Jack and Jill went up the hit
To do a little lobbying.

Jack fell down and broke a two dollar blil, The Ameners favored this one too

Little Jack Horner, he sat in a corner Eating his Christmas pid He stuck in his thumb

And pulled out a plum, and said.

"I was inforced by the City Cith."

While Themistocles was under discussion a sudden thing happened. Mayor Gaynor, who had sat at the main table directly beneath the agiation platform for stunts, got up and said he thought he would be going back to Brooklyn. No, this was the real Mayor, and he went.

Before he left the Mayor assured some of his hosts that nothing prompted his going but a desire to get to bed, that everything was all right and he had enjoyed the show and the dinner very much, but he didn't want to stay to speak, for he had nothing to say. So Mayor Gaynor dropped out of the fun.

After the dinner the president called for Senator Thomas F. Grady to tell whyhe had allowed all sorts of things to happen of late in Albany. The Senator said that it wasn't his fault but his colleagues. He was just the bass drummer in the band, whom the ruthless majority called upon to talk when they wanted some noise.

"I'm glad to come to so comfortable

"I'm glad to come to so comfortable is place as this," said he. "I don't like Albany just now. And I'm not having much to do with machine politics either. I'm like Congressman Parsons. I see the brick company."

youngest-ordest and the order youngest man in the room. He seemed to loke the introduction.

He spoke of the difference between the methods which Mr. Taft uses with the newspapers and those which Mr. Roosevelt used. "Roosevelt," said he, "took the newspapers into his confidence, and the headlines told his story before he said it himself. So the public was ready for it when it came. Taft is always a Judge. He regards it as a breach of judicial confidence to give up his information early.

"And yet in all my forty years of public life I've never known the newspapers to commit a breach of confidence."

The Senator spoke with a good deal of feeling of Gen. Gordon's farewell in the Senate three days ago. He said it was just the sort of friendship which Gen. Gordon professed for the other Senators that he felt for the men of the Amen Corner.

MERCHANT TRIES SUICIDE.

Retired Boston Woollen Dealer Shoots

Jacob Rosenthal, who has been living recently with his brother-in-law, Rudola Stein, at 556 West 140th street, shot him Smith & McNell's Hotel, 199 Washington street. Rosenthal went to the hotel yesterday afternoon and registered as J. Rice, New York. Fifteen minutes after he had gone to the room that was assigned to him Ralph Carlo, a hallboy, heard a shot. With the assistance of other employees of the hotel Carlo broke down the locked door of the room. Rosenthal was lying on the bed fully dressed. He had shot himself in the right temple. At the Hudson street hospital it was said he could not live.

There was a sealed letter on the table

shot himself in the right temple. At the Hudson street hospital it was said he could not live.

There was a sealed letter on the table in the room on which was written "Notify R. Stein, 548 West 140th street. New York, Westbourne Court." Three different styles of handwriting had been used in writing the note. Rosenthal was identified first by letters in his pocket and later his brother-in-law went to the bospital. A letter from a New York physician, Dr. Graeme Hammond of 60 West Fifty-fifth street, to Mrs. George Walton of 199 Marlboro street. Boston. was also found in which Dr. Hammond said that Rosenthal was suffering from recurrent melancholia. The letter was dated in last November. Rosenthal formerly lived in Boston, and a card in his pocket read, "American Coal Co., 374-6 Albany street, Boston, Mass.; Jacob Rosenthal, Prep." His Boston, Mass.; Jacob Rosenthal, Prep." His Boston home was at 263 Summer street. Rosenthal's sister, Mrs. Stein, said last night that her brother had been suffering from nervous troubles for some time. He is a widower.

Late last night Rudolph Stein and a young man who said he was Rosenthal's som went to the Fulton street police station, where they told Lieut. Schulum that Mr. Rosenthal was a retired woollen merchant of Boston. Mr. Stein said his father had was 63 years old and had been melancholy for a long while.

The son, who declined to give his name, said his father had made a fortune in the woolien business. He told Lieut. Schulum that his father had tried to commit suicide in Boston several years ago.

Boston, Feb. 28.—Jacob Rosenthal is

in Boston several years ago.

Boston, Feb. 26.—Jacob Rosenthal is said to be a part owner of the American Coal Company, a small retail concern with a place of business on Albany street. He resided in Dorchester.

sixty-sixth birthday last night at a dinner given in his honor by the New York Co Division, six Federal Judges

I greatly regret that official I greatly regret that official matters requiring my presence here make it impossible for me to go to New York to-day to attend the dinner to Mr. Justice Lurton. It would have given me the greatest pleasure to join you and the fellow members of the bar in New York in doing honor to a distinguished jurist worthy of the best traditions of the Supreme Court of the United States. Please give to Mr. Justice Lurton my felicitations on his appointment to the high office for which he is complete ously fitted and my best wishes for a long life of notable service to his fellow countrymen. I am sorely serry that I am detained here and cannot be with you.

Alton B. Parker presided. Justice

took his place among equals, and from that day until he finished his work we

"To-night we are giving a birthday party to his successor in that court. We welcome him, because we know of his career and believe him to be equipped by reason of his intellect and judicial

on of confidence and trust, but

"This day is almost an anniversary of one very famous in my life. A young boy was a prisoner of war on Johnson's Island in Lake Erie. He had been in the hospital for six months, and on the card at the head of his bed was inscribed the terrible word "Tuberculosis." The boy's mother made her way from the distant State of Tennessee to Washington on February 22, 1865, and there sought and was admitted to interview that great President, Mr. Lincoln.

"My boy is doomed to death, Mr. President, abe told him, but if it is possible to save him it lies in the possibility of my being able to take him back home. That great big generous man said: "I'll give you an order for a parole on sickleave." But the mother replied: "It may be a long time. I'd like to take him home myself." Lincoln said: "Madam, I'll write an order to let that boy go home with his mother. That boy was me.

"Now Mr. Toastmaster and gent lemen of the bar, I came not to speak but to

his mother. That boy was me.

"Now Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen of the bar, I came not to speak but to bring my respects, but I brought with me that brilliant orator of the mountains of old Tennessee, Senator Robert Taylor, and that son of the mountain tops whose tongue is tipped with eloquence will say the things I wish it were in my power to say."

Senator Taylor declared that Tennessee is the greatest State in the Union and referred to her various charms in a poetic manner. Of Justice Lurton he said:

"No improper motive ever swayed his judgment or tipped the scales of Justice, no arrow of temptation ever penetrated the armor of his integrity. He never sold the truth to serve the hour or sacrificed a principle for power. Parker here has felt the sting of defeat but never the shame of dishonor, and besides that, Parker is young, and the future awaits him."

approaching the Western Hemisphere, from his horrid hair shaking pestilence and war."

Joseph H. Choate assured Justice Lurton that although the 750 men lawyers and five women lawyers present were only a small percentage of the 114,000 in the United States they, would give him more trouble in the next five years than all the others combined. Mr. Choate said he won his first case before the Supreme Court at Washington forty-four years ago because it was an admiralty case and the four sait water Judges voted for him, and as the court was evenly divided the judgment he got in the lower court stood. The court had been standing four to four a good many times since and he hoped that by the addition of an odd member it would be relieved of the terrible plight in the hear future. Mr. Choate aroused great enthusiasm when he said:

"We remember the case of the Chief Executive who went out of his way to rebuke a Federal Judge who had decided a case according to his principles and honor. Then the members of every bar association in the land, without discrimination as to party or ext, took cocasion to make their opinion clear, and I think it will be a long time before that experience will be tried again, wheever may be the President."

one Night a Year of Treating. EAST ORANGE, N. J., Feb. 28.—A, no treating rule will prevail in the City Club of East Orange, which is to start out on April 1 as the successor to the Orange Club. The plan follows that of the Westmoreland Club of Pittsburg, Pa. For one night each year the rule will be abrogated and then the members can treat to their hearts' content.

World. The first number will appear on Monday. Its contents are diversified and hardly what one would expect. The

policy in the United States and the controversy it has excited comes next. One of Guy de Maupassant's stories, "A Vendetta," is printed; there is a translation of Camille Flammarion's speculations on the earth's inside and the beginning of a serial story of the Crusaders.

The editor and publisher of The New World is Salloum Mokarzel. He wants contributions in Arabic and is especially anxious to encourage short story writers. Effectively to do so he is offering to pay for stories he accepts; an unherad of thing among the Syrians, with whom the honor of having one's work printed has always sufficed.

FATAL STEEL STRIKE RIOT

here from Philadelphia this to do strike duty. A crowd of and Joseph Ssambo, a Hungarian, was shot through the head by a trooper while drinking beer in front of the bar at the Majestic Hotel. He died this afternoon. Another foreigner named Kravitz was shot in the face. His condition is not

local police to arrest an menthe influence of liquor.

To-night another detachment of State
police numbering forty-five arrived here
from Philadelphia, bringing the number
of the constabulary on duty here to 105.
Each man is armed with a carbine, revolver and riot stick. The executive
committee of the strikers issued a statement to-night condemning bringing the
State constabulary here and offering
arrives in any way the officials

"I know," he said, "what it is to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Justice Peckham, a man beloved for his personal charm, a man beloved for his personal charm, a man bonored everywhere for his great judicial learning, his character and high legal qualities. I'm in his place, but I can never fill it. May his memory linger with you until the last symble of recorded time.

"But for the factthat I have long had a confidential friend, the man who now sits in the President's chair, I doubt whether a man of my age would have been placed in that tribunal. When I recall how he crossed party lines and took one who fought against the Government he is trying to sustain I take it as one of the greatest compliments that can come to any man. Upon that tribunal ait those who were the greatest compliments that can come to any man. Upon that tribunal ait those who were the greatest compliments that can come to any man. Upon that tribunal ait those who were the greatest compliments are come to any man. Upon that tribunal ait those who were the greatest compliments that can come to any man. Upon that tribunal ait those who were the greatest compliments agreement to he had a continual your letter arrived that there were many yellow and that there were many yellow arrived the North. Butthis specimen

ONE SUGGESTION IS FOR FOUR ACRES IN CENTRAL PARK.

Kilpatrick, a question which pu "Can a woman be honors "Why—er—I," began Mr. Kilpatrick in

The question had nothing to do with ethical standards. It referred to the fact prefix "Hon."
"Why you know I am a lit

reeted with a loud burst of app said that he deserved it. because he had been to a mother's meeting and severa

been to a mother's meeting and several uplift conferences during the last week. He said he thought that some ground should be set aside in Central Park for gardening purposes. It would be perfectly feasible, he said, for four plots of about an acre each to be devoted to this purpose without interfering with the beauty of the park.

"This will bring the children and their parents closer together," he said. "Parents are always interested in what their children are doing and learning, and they would be delighted to go and inspect these gardens. I think that now that we have a Park Commissioner who is anxious to find out what the people want we ought to apply for this ground at once." Miss Julia Richman seemed a bit pessimistic regarding the garden possibilities

a plant market somewhere in New Yo if possible, like the one we have on the civ house grounds in Montolair. All the me bers of our guild bring whatever plan they can spare from their gardens a they are sold at prices ranging from o



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